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# SPAWN



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-fco



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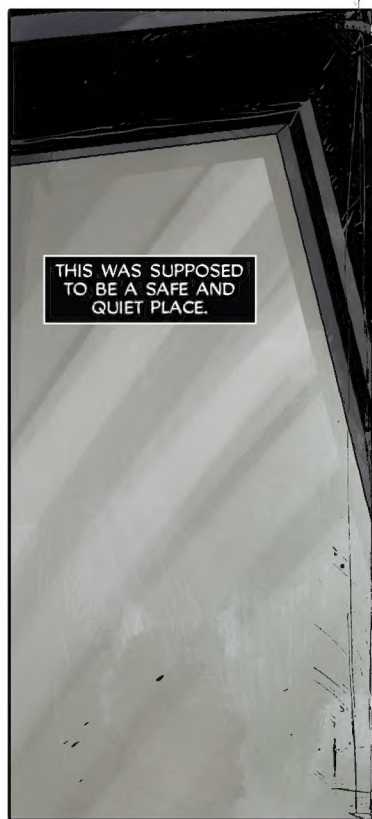
SPAWN CREATED BY  
TODD McFARLANE

#### PREVIOUSLY IN SPAWN

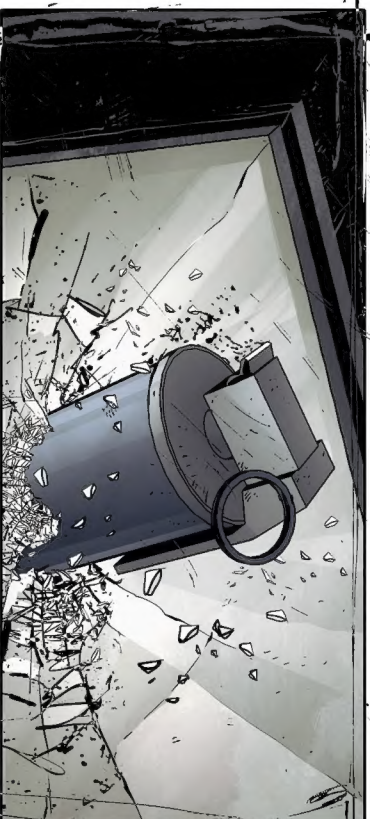
As Al and Cog are planning to save Cyan, a S.W.A.T. team charges into Al's apartment. Cog puts a protective barrier around Cyan while Spawn picks off each S.W.A.T. member one-by-one. Despite Cog's best efforts, his powers deplete fast and soon he is unable to protect her. Spawn takes Cyan and fights his way to safety, but although she's unharmed, her eyes roll back in her head and she emits a powerful green glow that transports them to the Fitzgerald house. While Al thinks they have time to rest, he doesn't realize there's another S.W.A.T. team waiting outside.







THIS WAS SUPPOSED  
TO BE A SAFE AND  
QUIET PLACE.



tink



A PLACE WHERE AL  
AND CYAN COULD FINALLY  
CATCH THEIR BREATH.



THEIR RESPITE  
LASTED BARELY  
TWENTY-FIVE  
MINUTES.





**FREEZE!**

DON'T  
MOVE A  
MUSCLE!

WINCING FROM THE BRIGHT LIGHT BLASTING IN HIS FACE, AL IS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW THE S.W.A.T. TEAM COULD HUNT HIM DOWN SO QUICKLY.\*

\*Last issue--Todd

WHAT HE HASN'T GRASPED YET IS THIS IS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT GROUP. TAKING ORDERS FROM BOSSES THAT PREFER TO REMAIN AWAY FROM THE LIMELIGHT.

PUT YOUR  
HANDS  
BEHIND YOUR  
BACK.









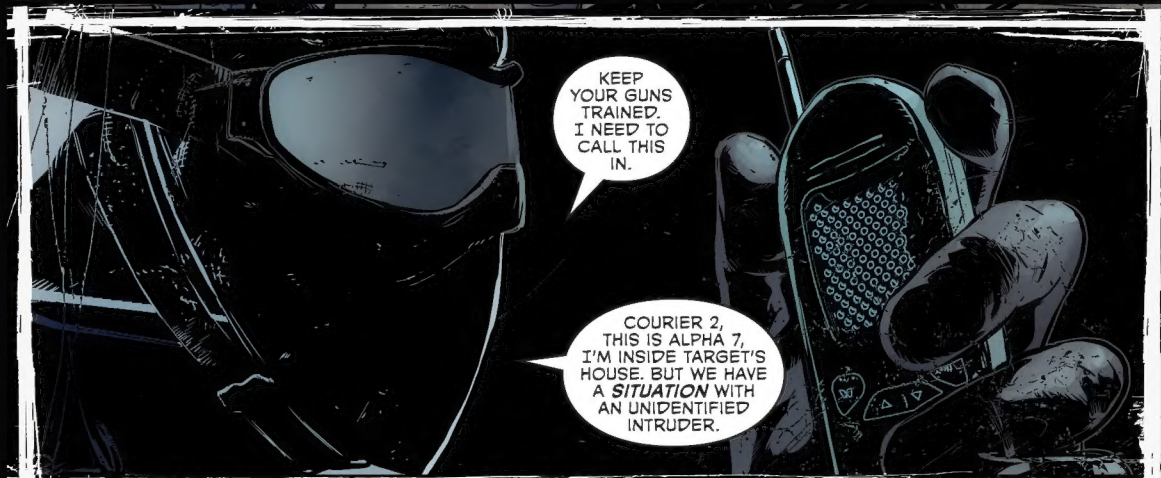
...A MISTAKE.

...A MISTAKE.

...A MISTAKE.

...A MISTAKE.

SARGE?  
WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON?



KEEP  
YOUR GUNS  
TRAINED.  
I NEED TO  
CALL THIS  
IN.

COURIER 2,  
THIS IS ALPHA 7.  
I'M INSIDE TARGET'S  
HOUSE, BUT WE HAVE  
A *SITUATION* WITH  
AN UNIDENTIFIED  
INTRUDER.





"ALPHA 7. WHAT KIND OF SITUATION?"

"I'VE GOT FOUR INTRUDERS, BUT THEY'RE ALL... I, IT'S SOMETHING I CAN'T EXPLAIN."



"THEN BRING THEM ALL IN."



AL BOLTS OUT A SIDE DOOR AND SO DO THE OTHER THREE 'CLONES,' EACH DARTING IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION.



TO THE AGENT SITTING IN HIS CAR  
OUT FRONT, HE CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT  
HE'S SEEING. HIS MEN SEEM TO BE  
CHASING AFTER... **NOTHING!**

AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT'S  
HAPPENING BECAUSE THREE OF THE  
FOUR AL SIMMONS ARE NOT REAL.  
THEY'RE ILLUSIONS ONLY THE MILITARY  
SEE, CREATED TO BE DISTRACTIONS  
SO THE REAL AL COULD HAVE A  
CHANCE TO ESCAPE.



**JOHNSON!**  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?  
YOUR INTRUDER IS  
GETTING AWAY!



I DON'T  
GIVE A SHIT  
WHAT YOU  
THOUGHT.



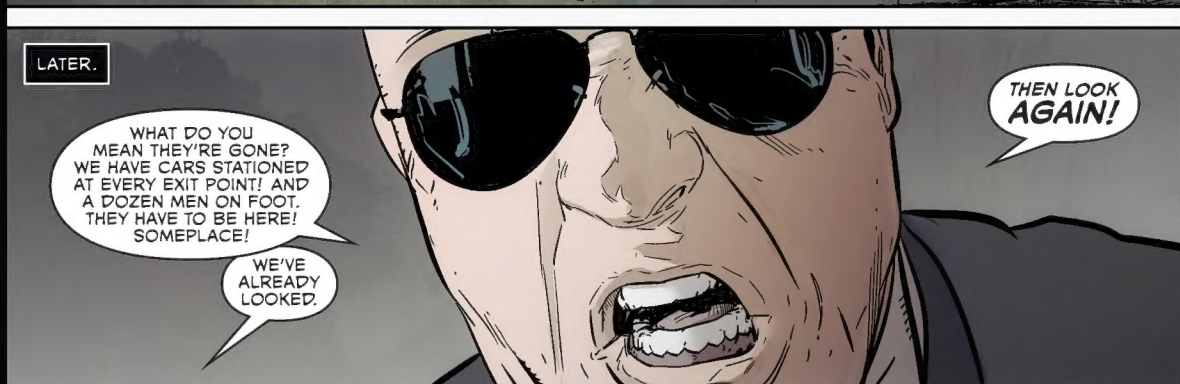
WE NEED  
TO FIND THAT  
INTRUDER!



AT THAT MOMENT THE  
ILLUSIONS DISAPPEAR, AS THE  
FIELD SERGEANT QUICKLY  
TRIES TO EXPLAIN THINGS.











SPREAD  
OUT. LET'S FAN  
THE WEST SIDE  
OF THIS BLOCK  
AGAIN.



WHEN IT APPEARS  
THEY'RE ALONE, CYAN  
LETS DOWN HER  
'INVISIBLE CLOAK.'



THAT WAS  
AMAZING,  
CYAN.

THANKS.



THERE'S  
THINGS WE  
NEED TO TALK  
ABOUT.

BUT RIGHT  
NOW, WE HAVE TO  
FIND YOUR DAD.  
AND I'M GOING TO  
NEED YOUR HELP  
FOR THAT.



"DID YOU EVER HEAR YOUR  
DAD TALK ABOUT ANY  
NAMES IN PARTICULAR?"

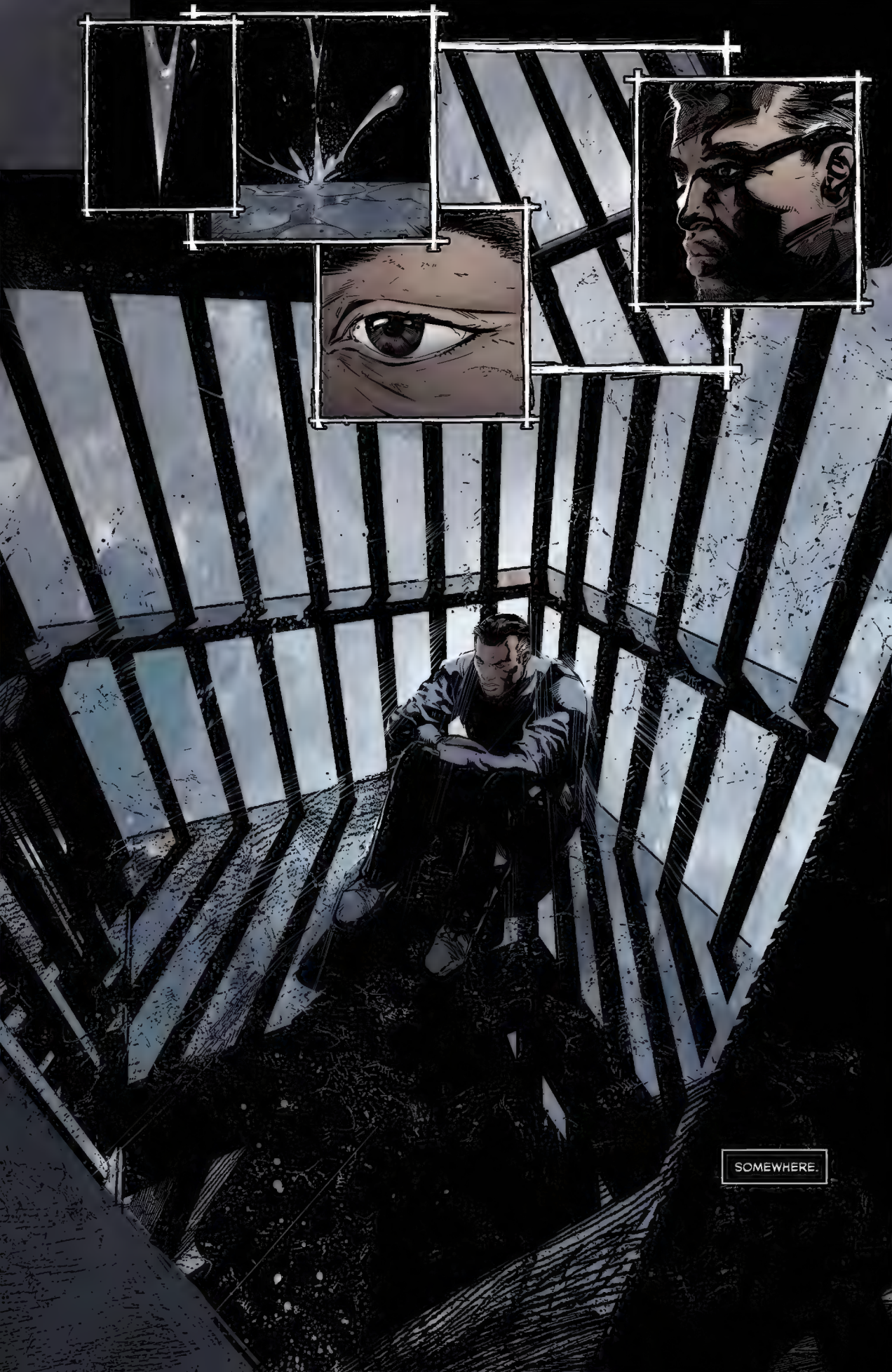
"MAYBE A  
COUPLE."

"GREAT. LET'S START THERE."

I UNDER-  
STAND, AL.  
I'LL SEE WHAT  
I CAN FIND  
OUT.

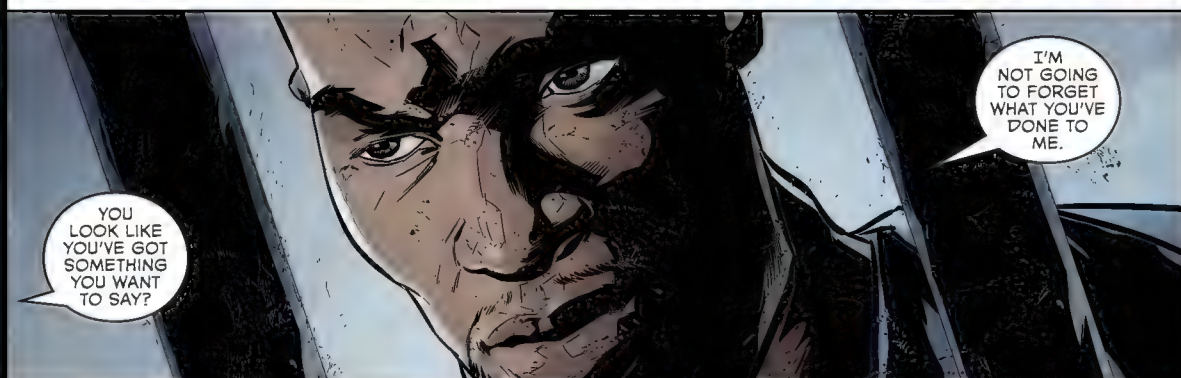
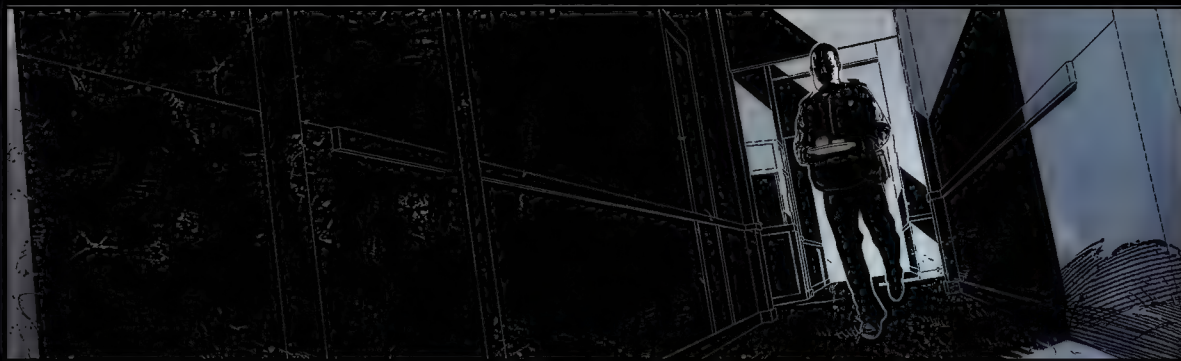
THANKS,  
EARL.





SOMEWHERE.





YOU  
LOOK LIKE  
YOU'VE GOT  
SOMETHING  
YOU WANT  
TO SAY?

I'M  
NOT GOING  
TO FORGET  
WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE TO  
ME.



OH YEAH?  
AND WHAT DO  
YOU PLAN ON  
DOING ABOUT  
THAT?

HURT  
YOU.



**HAHAHAHEEHA**

YOU'RE  
GOING TO...  
**HEE HE...**  
YOU KILL  
ME!



I GUESS  
YOU'RE TOO  
STUPID TO UNDER-  
STAND I'M ON THE  
**BETTER** SIDE OF  
THESE BARS. AND  
YOU, YOU'RE  
CORNERED.

BUT GO  
AHEAD AND  
SCARE ME WITH  
YOUR THREATS. I  
NEED A GOOD  
LAUGH.







THE  
DOOR'S  
OPEN.

SO, HOW IS  
MR. FITZGERALD DOING  
TODAY? HOPEFULLY HE'S  
BEGINNING TO GET A SENSE  
OF THE SERIOUSNESS OF HIS  
CURRENT SITUATION AND  
HIS REFUSAL TO EAT ISN'T  
GOING TO GET HIM ANYWHERE.  
HE'LL ACCEPT HIS FATE  
SOON ENOUGH.

I THINK  
HE'S ALMOST  
THERE.

WHY'S THAT?

I JUST  
SAW THE LOOK  
IN HIS EYE A COUPLE  
OF MINUTES AGO.  
THAT'S A MAN READY  
TO BREAK. AND FOR  
THE FIRST TIME HE  
DIDN'T WHINE ABOUT  
GETTING BACK TO  
HIS FAMILY.

THAT'S PROGRESS.  
PERHAPS HE  
UNDERSTANDS HE MIGHT  
ACTUALLY GET TO SEE HIS  
FAMILY IF HE GIVES US  
THE INFORMATION WE'RE  
LOOKING FOR.

I'D SAY  
WE'RE ABOUT  
TWO DAYS AWAY  
FROM BREAKING  
HIM.



I THINK  
IT'S SOONER  
THAN THAT.



I NEED TO  
GET THIS. CHECK  
IN WITH ME  
TOMORROW.



COMMANDER SCARELLI, WHILE WE WERE WATCHING THE FITZGERALD RESIDENCE A GROUP OF MILITARY AGENTS STORMED HIS HOUSE. THEY CHASED SOMEONE FROM THE BUILDING.

ON WHOSE ORDERS WERE THOSE MEN BROUGHT IN?

HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO ASCERTAIN THAT YET, BUT THEY WEREN'T ANY OF OURS. THAT MUCH IS CLEAR.

THEN **FIND OUT** WHO'S DOING THIS! AND I MEAN WITHIN THE HOUR. CHECK YOUR CHINESE AND RUSSIAN CONTACTS AND SEE WHO THE HELL ELSE HAS AN INTEREST IN OUR MATTERS! WE DON'T NEED THIS KIND OF ATTENTION. I'M ALREADY DEALING WITH MY CAPTIVE'S MISSING DAUGHTER.

THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE UNDER THE RADAR.

THEN YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE THAT THE ROGUE AGENTS TEAR GASSED THE PLACE BEFORE HAVING TO CONFRONT THE POLICE AND FIREFIGHTERS THE NEIGHBORS CALLED.

WHO WAS THE INVADER THAT DESERVED THAT KIND OF ATTENTION?

DON'T KNOW.

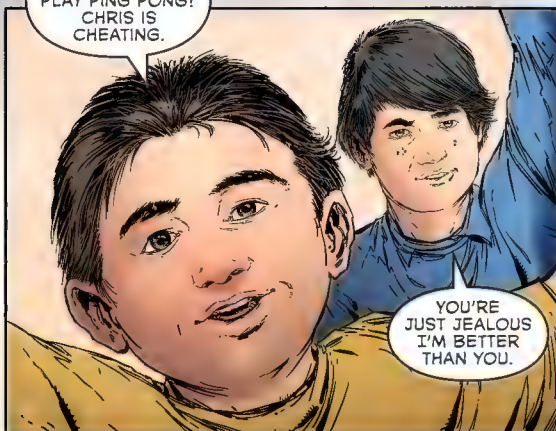




BUT AT LEAST HE HAS THE LUXURY OF COMING HOME TO HIS TWO BOYS. THEY'VE BECOME THE JOY OF HIS LIFE SINCE HIS BRUTAL DIVORCE LAST YEAR.



DAD! YOU'RE HOME. WANNA PLAY PING PONG? CHRIS IS CHEATING.

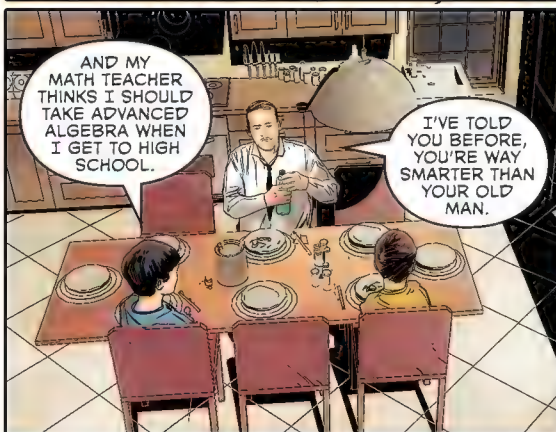


YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS I'M BETTER THAN YOU.

SO, HOW WERE THEY TODAY?



THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD MR. SCARELLI. I JUST WISH MINE WERE AS WELL BEHAVED. WHAT TIME DO YOU NEED ME TOMORROW?



AND MY MATH TEACHER THINKS I SHOULD TAKE ADVANCED ALGEBRA WHEN I GET TO HIGH SCHOOL.

I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, YOU'RE WAY SMARTER THAN YOUR OLD MAN.



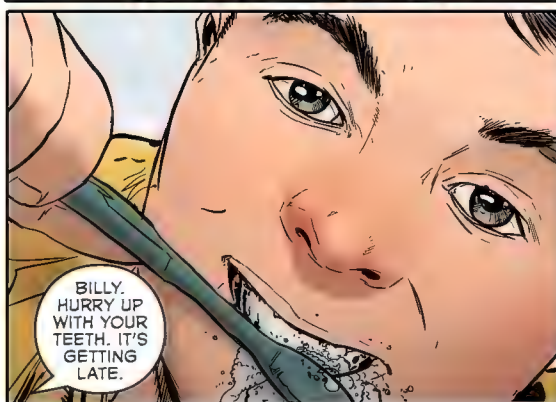
WHAT'S THIS SHOW CALLED AGAIN?

GAME OF THRONES. WE'VE TOLD YOU A MILLION TIMES.

AND WHY DO WE LIKE IT SO MUCH?

COOL DRAGONS AND FIGHTING. AND THE NAKED LADIES.

DON'T TELL YOUR MOM I LET YOU WATCH THIS.



BILLY. HURRY UP WITH YOUR TEETH. IT'S GETTING LATE.

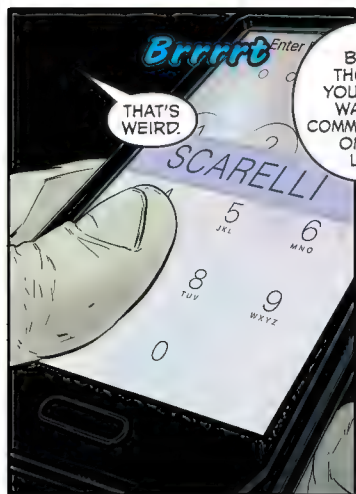


"AND THEN BEFORE THEY COULD REACH THE WATER WELL, MORE ZOMBIES CAME FROM THE DARK FOREST..."









THAT'S WEIRD.

HEY, BOSS? THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WANT US COMMUNICATING ON THIS LINE?



WHAT? YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?



NO. RELEASE FITZGERALD NOW.



JUST MAKE HIM A FREE MAN. YOU'VE GOT TEN MINUTES. AND BERNIE...?

MAKE SURE YOU KISS YOUR WIFE AND KIDS TONIGHT.

DON'T TELL ANYONE YOU'RE DOING IT OR WHY. AND MAKE SURE NO ONE FOLLOWS HIM.




KRAK




BECAUSE OF HIS BROKEN NOSE AND SHATTERED JAW, SCARELLI, FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE, WILL HAVE TROUBLE BREATHING NORMALLY. AND HE'LL BE HAUNTED FROM THIS DAY FORWARD.



A dark, high-contrast illustration of Spawn in a room. He is in the foreground, looking towards the background where two figures are lying on the floor. The room has a desk with a computer monitor and some papers.

SPAWN STAYS IN  
SCARELLI'S HOUSE  
ANOTHER 40 MINUTES,  
WAITING FOR A  
CALL FROM TERRY  
HIMSELF CONFIRMING  
HIS RELEASE.

AND WHEN HE FINALLY  
DOES WAKE UP,  
SCARELLI'S CHILDREN  
WILL TELL HIM THAT THEY  
NEVER LEFT THEIR BEDS.  
BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T.

A continuation of the previous panel, showing Spawn in the same room. The two figures on the floor are more visible. A speech bubble from one of the figures is present.

THE WHOLE TIME CYAN  
HAD  
CREATED THE ILLUSION THEY  
WERE GONE, WHEN IN REALITY  
THEY SLEPT COMFORTABLY  
THE ENTIRE NIGHT.

YOU  
DID GOOD  
AGAIN,  
CYAN.

A close-up of a young woman with dark hair and a serious expression.

CAN WE  
GO HOME  
NOW?

SOON.  
I'M WAITING  
FOR SOME-  
THING.

A close-up of Spawn's face, showing his mask and a menacing expression.

THEN IT  
COMES.

YES,  
SHE'S  
HERE.

A close-up of Cyan holding a mobile phone to her ear. She has a concerned expression.

HI...  
DADDY.

YAH,  
I'M OKAY.  
DON'T WORRY.

IT'S ME,  
CYAN.

DADDY?

I...

I'VE  
MISSED  
YOU.



UPPER NEW YORK.

**RUFUS!**

EASY,  
BUD! THERE'S  
NO ONE  
THERE.

**BARK  
BARK  
BARK**

**WOOF WOOF  
BARK WOOF  
BARK**

**GRRRR**

OH, MY  
GOD! WHY CAN'T  
YOU JUST RELAX?  
NO ONE'S  
COMING!

**SEE!**

WHAT'D  
I TELL  
YOU.

YOU'RE  
EXHAUSTING  
SOMETIMES.



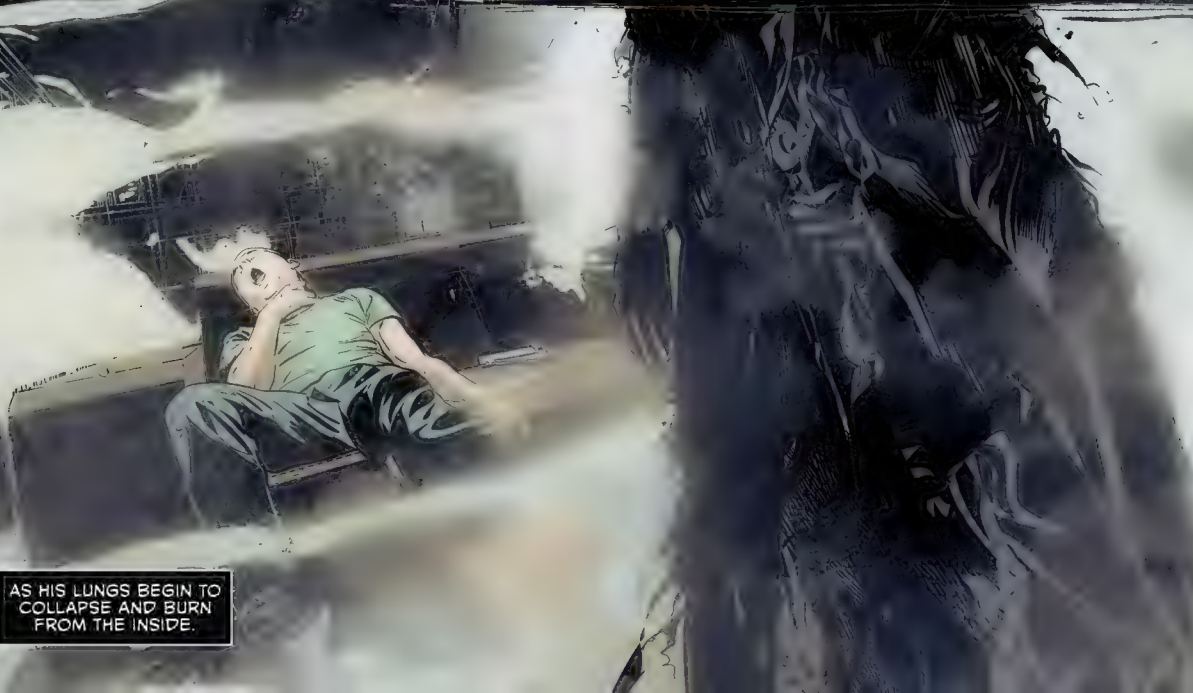
ONCE AGAIN IMMERSSED  
IN THE VIDEO GAME HE'S PLAYING,  
ANDY MAILIN DOESN'T NOTICE THE  
SLOW-MOVING FOG CRAWLING  
ALONG THE FLOOR.



AND IT'LL BE TOO  
LATE WHEN HE  
FINALLY DOES.



AS HIS LUNGS BEGIN TO  
COLLAPSE AND BURN  
FROM THE INSIDE.







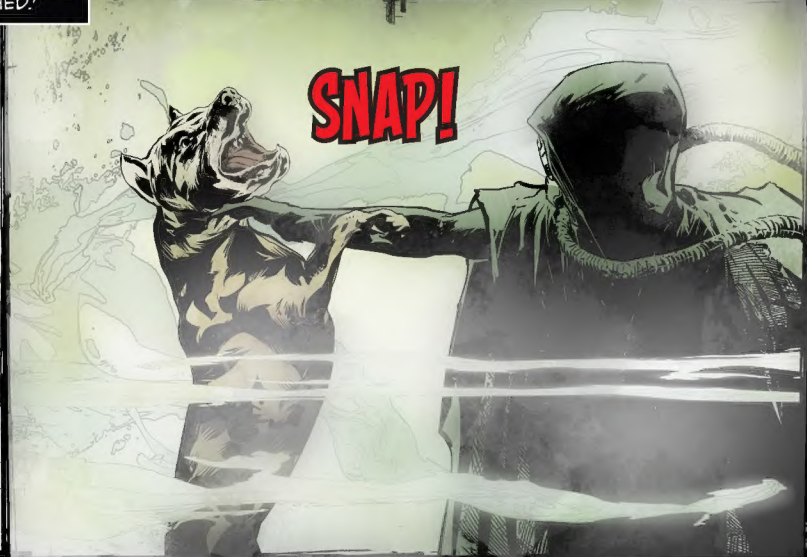
IN SIMPLE TERMS;  
HIS 'SOUL IS BEING  
CRUSHED.'



**GRRRR**

**BARK  
BARK  
BARK**

**WOOF  
WOOF**



**SNAP!**









# SPAWNING GROUND

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WIN a 10 minute Skype call with Todd McFarlane and some COOL McFarlane toys and comics!

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Enter that code word HERE:

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Spawn 272 Code Word: **COGISCOMING**

Winners will be notified by email two weeks after the release of the comic.

Good Luck!

Thank you all for being loyal fans of Spawn!

Shannon Bailey  
Publishing Coordinator



### NEXT ISSUE

Terry reunites with Cyan but safety is fleeting.



NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AND EISNER AWARD-WINNING 100 BULLETS  
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*"More addictive than forbidden booze."*

*-Fabio Moon*



*"Beautiful and one of the most expertly  
crafted first issues I have ever read...  
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*-Nerdist*

*"As darkly beautiful and engrossing as  
you'd expect from Azzarello & Risso...with  
a kick as strong as the best corn liquor."*

*-Jason Aaron*

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